LETTERS

To and from the COUNTRY 'SQUIRE, occaſioned by the foregoing Treatiſe.

To the COUNTRY 'SQUIRE.

By a LADY.

BLESS me, dear good man! what a dull, gloomy, and inſipid mood you have got into of late! what not a word to ſay but about *religion?* Not a ſyllable reſpecting the enchanting pleaſures

pleaſures of a ſociable game at *cards*, or the charms of a rural life, which I know you have often dwelt on with peculiar ſatisfaction and delight.

O fie! my good friend, don't run into the unmeaning rant of enthuſiaſm, and turn Methodiſt or rather madman, becauſe the young fanatical Parſon H—— tells you, in the old gothic language of King Solomon, *all is vanity and vexation of ſpirit.*— What, do you think I mind ſuch raving and nonſenſical jargon as he would fain hammer into our ears of a Sunday, no, not I indeed! Woman as I am, and weaker veſſel as I may be, you may believe me when I tell you I

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